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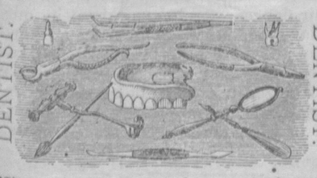
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1877. NUMBER 36.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

MATTERS GRAVE AND GAY FROM ALL SOURCES.

THE ORACLE PROVEN FALSE.

[*Mary Ainge de Vere.*]

She picked a little daisy flower
With fringe of snow and heart of gold;
All pure without and warm within,—
And stood to have her fortune told.

"He loves me," low she musing said,
And plucked the border leaf by leaf;
"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart—beyond belief."

"A little—too much—not at all"—
So rang the changes o'er and o'er;
The tiny leaflets fluttered down,
And strewed the meadow's grassy floor.

"A little—too much—not at all—
With truest heart"—oh, magic brief!
Ah, foolish task to measure out
Love's value on a daisy leaf!

For as she pulled the latest left
With "not at all," I heard her say,
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A loving couple lived in New Jersey and belonged to the Methodist Church. A new presiding elder, Mr. N., was expected in that district and as the ministers all stopped with brother W. and his wife, every preparation was made to give him a cordial reception. The honest couple thought that religion, in part, consisted in making some parade, and therefore the parlor was put in order, and a nice fire was made and the kitchen replenished with cakes, chickens, and every delicacy preparatory to cooking.

While Mr. W. was out at his woodpile a plain looking, coarsly dressed, but quiet-like pedestrian came along and inquired the distance to the next town. He was told it was three miles. Being very cold he asked permission to enter and warm himself. Assent was given very grudgingly, and both went into the kitchen. The wife looked daggers at this untimely intrusion, for the stranger had on cow-hide boots, an old hat, and a threadbare, but neatly patched coat. At length she gave him a chair beside the Dutch oven which was baking nice cakes for the Presiding Elder, who was momentarily expected, as he was to preach the next day at the church a mile or two beyond.

The stranger, after warming himself prepared to leave, but the weather became more inclement and as his appetite was aroused by the viands about the fire, he asked for some little refreshmens tbefore he set out on a cold walk to the town beyond. Mrs. W. was displeased, but on consultation with her husband, some cold bacon and bread were set on an old table, and he was then somewhat gruffly told to eat. It was growing dark, and hints were thrown out that the stranger had better depart, as it was three long miles to town. The wife grew petulant, as the new preacher did not arrive, and her husband sat whistling the air of "Auld Lang Syne," while he thought of the words of the hymn—"When I can read my title clear," and felt as if he could order the stranger off without any further ado.

The homely meal was at last concluded—the man thanked them kindly for the hospitality he had received, and opened the door to go. But it was quite dark, and clouds denoted a storm filling the heavens.

"You say it is full three miles to D—?"

"I do," said W. coldly; "I said so when you first stopped, and you ought to have pushed on like a prudent man. You would have reached there before it was quite dark;"

"But I was cold and hungry, and might have fainted by the way."

The manner of saying this touched the farmer's feelings a little.

"You have warmed me, and fed me, for which I am thankful. Will you now bestow another act of kindness upon one in a strange place, and, if he goes out in the darkness, may lose himself and perish in the cold?"

The peculiar form in which this request was made, and the tone in which it was uttered, put it out of the power of the farmer to say no.

"Go in there and sit down." he answered, pointing to the kitchen," and I will see what she says.

And Mr. W. went into the parlor where the supper table stood, covered with a snow white cloth, and displayed his wife's set of blue sprigged china, that was only brought out on special occasions.

The tall mould-candles were burning thereon, and on the hearth blazed a cheerful fire.

"Hasn't that old fellow gone yet?" asked Mrs. W. She heard his voice as she returned from the door.

"No, and what do you suppose? He wants us to let him stay all night."

"Indeed! we'll do no such thing! We can't have the likes of him in the house now. Where could he sleep?"

"Not in the best room, even if Mr. N. should not come."

"No, indeed!"

"But really, I don't see, Jane, how we can turn him out of doors. He doesn't look like a very strong man and its dark and stormy and full three miles to D—."

"It's too much. He ought to have gone on while he had daylight, and not lingered here as he did till it was dark."

"We can't turn him out of doors, Jane, and it's no use to think of it. He'll have to stay, somehow."

"But what can we do with him?"

"He seems like a decent man, at least, and does not look as if he had anything bad about him. We might make him a bed on the floor, somewhere in the house."

"I wish he had been in Guinea before he came here," said Mrs. W. fretfully.

The disapointment, the conviction that Mr. N. would not arrive occasioned her to feel, and the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor as the stranger, completely unhinged her mind.

"Oh, well," replied her husband, in a soothing voice, "never mind. We must make the best of it. He came to us tired and hungry, and we warmed and fed him. He now asks shelter for the night and we must not refuse him, nor grant his request in a complaining or reluctant spirit. You know what the Bible says about entertaining angels unawares."

"Angels! Did you ever see an angle that looked like him?"

"Having never seen an angel," said the farmer, smiling, "I am unable to speak as to their appearance."

This has the effect to call an answering smile to the face of Mrs W., and a bitter feeling to her heart. It was finally agreed between them that the man, as he seemed like a decent kind of a person, should be permitted to occupy the minister's room, if that individual did not arrive, an event to which they both looked with but small expectancy. If he did come, why the man would have to put up with poorer accommodations.

When Mr. W. returned to the kitchen, where the stranger had seated himself before the fire, he informed him that they had decided to let him stay all night. The man expressed in few words a grateful sense of their kindness, and then became silent and thoughtful.

Soon after, the farmer's wife, giving up all hope of Mr N.'s arrival, had supper taken up—which consisted of coffee, warm short-cake and boiled chicken. After all was on the table, a short conference was held as to whether it would do to invite the stranger to take supper. It was true they had given him as much bread and bacon as he could eat, but then, as long as he was going to stay all night, it looked inhospitable to sit down to the table and not ask him to join them. So, making a virtue of necesity, he was kindly asked to come to supper—an invitation he did not decline. Grace was said over the meal by Mr. W., the coffee poured out, the bread helped, and the milk served.

There was a fine little boy, six years old, at the table, who had been brightened up and dressed in his best in order to grace the minister's reception. Charley was full of talk, and the parents felt a mutual pride in showing him off, even before their humblest guest, who noticed him particularly, though he had not much to say.

"Come, Charley," said Mr. W., after the meal was over, and he sat leaning back in his chair, "can't you repeat the pretty hymn mamma learned you last Sunday?"

Charley started off without further invitation, and repeated very accurately two or three verses of a new camp-meeting hymn, that was just then very popular.

"Now let us hear you say the commandments," spoke up the mother well pleased with the child's performance.

And Charley repeated them with the aid of a little prompting.

"How many commandments are there?" asked the father.

The child hesitated, and then looking up at the stranger, near whom he sat, said innocently—

"How many are there?"

The man thought, for some moments, and said as if in doubt—

"Eleven, are they not?"

"Eleven!" ejaculated Mrs. W., in unfeigned surprise.

"Eleven?" said her husband, with more rebuke than astonishment in his voice. "Is it possible, sir, that you don't know how many commandments there are? How many are there, Charley? Come, tell me, you know of course."

"Ten," replied the child.

"Right, my son," replied Mr. W., looking with a smile of approval on the child. "Right. There isn't a child of his age in ten miles who can't tell you there are ten commandments. Did you ever read the Bible, sir?"

"When I was a little boy I used to read it sometimes. But I am sure I thought there were eleven commandments. Are you not mistaken about there being only ten?"

Sister W. lifted up her hands in unfeigned astonishment, and exclaimed—"Could any one believe it? Such ignorance of the Bible!"

Mr. W. did not reply, but rose, and going to one corner of the room, where the good book lay upon the small stand, he put it on the table before him, and opened at that portion in which the commandments are recorded.

"There," he said, placing his finger upon the proof of the stranger's error. "There look for yourself."

The stranger came round from his side of the table and looked over Mr. W.'s shoulders.

"There, d'ye see?

"Yes, it does say ten," replied the man; "and yet it seems to me there are eleven. I'm sure I always thought so."

"Doesn't it say ten? inquired Mr. W., with marked impatience in his voice.

"It does, certainly."

"Well, what more do you want! Can't you believe the Bible?"

"Oh, Yes, I believe the Bible; and yet it strikes me somehow, that there must be eleven commandments. Hasn't one been added somewhere else?"

Now this was too much for brother and sister W. to bear. Such ignorance of sacred matters they felt to be unpardonable. A long lecture followed, in which the man was scolded, admonished, and threatened with divine indignation. At its close he modestly asked if he might not have the Bible to read for an hour or two before retiring for the night. This request was granted with more pleasure than any of the preceeding ones.

Shortly after supper the man was conducted to a little square room, accompained by the Bible. Before leaving him alone, Mr. W. felt it to be his duty to exhort him to spiritual things, and he did so most earnestly for ten or fifteen minutes. But he could not see that his words made much impression, and he finally left his guest, lamenting his obduracy and ignorance.

In the morning he came down, and meeting Mr. W., asked him if he would be so kind as to lend a razor, that he might remove his beard, which did not give his face a very attractive aspect. His request was granted.

"We will have prayer in about ten minutes," said Mr. W., as he handed him the razor and shaving box.

He appeared and behaved with due propriety at family worship. After breakfast he thanked the farmer and his wife for their hospitality, and departing, went on his journey.

Ten o'clock came, but Mr. N. had not arrived,—So Mr. and Mrs. W. started for the meeting-house not doubting that they would find him there. But they were disapointed. A goodly number of people were inside the meeting-house, and a goodly number outside, but the minister had not arrived.

"Where is Mr. N.——?" inquired a dozen voices as a little crowd gathered around the farmer.

"He hasn't come yet. Something has detained him. But I will look for him—indeed I fully expected to find him here."

The day was cold, and Mr. W., after becoming thoroughly chilled, concluded to go in and keep a look-out for the minister from the window near which he usually sat. Others, from the same cause, followed his example, and the little meeting-house was soon filled and one after another came dropping in. The farmer who turned towards the door each time it was opened, was a little surprised to see his guest of the previous night enter, and come slowly down the aisle, looking from side to side, as if searching for a vacant seat, very few of which were now left. Still advancing, he finally got within the little enclosed alter and ascending to the pulpit, took off his old gray overcoat and sat down.

By this time Mr. W. was at his side, and had his hand upon his arm.

"You musn't sit here. Come down and I will show you a seat," said he in an excited tone.

"Thank you," replied the man in a composed voice. "It is very comfortable here." And the man remained immovable.

Mr. W., feeling embarrassed, went down, intending to get a brother "official" to assist him in making a forcible ejection of the man from the place he was desecrating. Immediately upon his doing so, however, the man rose, and standing up at the desk, opened the hymn book. His voice thrilled to the fingers ends of brother W.. as in distinct and impressive manner he gave out the hymn beginning,

"Help us to help each other Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel a brother's care.

The congregation rose after the stranger had read the entire hymn and had repeated the first two lines for them to sing. Brother W. usually started the tunes. He tried this time but went off on a long metre tune. Discovering his mistake at the second word he balked and tried again, but now he stumbled on a short metre. A musical brother here came to his aid, and led off with a tune that suited the measure in which the hymn was written.

After singing, the congregation kneeled and the minister, for no one doubted his real character—addressed the thrown of Grace with much fervor and eloquence. The reading of a chapter in the Bible succeeded. Then there was a deep pause, throughout the room in anticipation of the text, which the preacher prepared to announce.

Brother W. looked pale, and his hands and knees trembled. Sister W.'s face was like crimson, and her heart was beating so loud that she wondered whether the sound was not heard by the sister that sat beside her. There was a breathless silence. The dropping of a pin might almost have been heard.—Then the fine emphatic tone of the preacher filled the crowded room.

"And a new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

Brother W. had bent forward to listen but now he sank back in his seat. This was the Eleventh Commandment.

The sermon was deep, searching, yet affectionate and impressive. The preacher uttered nothing that could in the least wound the brother and the sister of whose hospitality he had partaken, but said much that smote upon their hearts and made them painfully conscious that they had not shown as much kindness to the stranger as he had been entitled to receive on the broad principal of humanity. But they suffered most from mortification of feeling. To think that they should have treated the Presiding Elder of the district after such a fashion, was deeply humiliating; and the idea of the whole affair getting abroad interfered sadly with their devotional feelings throughout the whole period of service.

At last the sermon was over, the ordinance administered and the benediction pronounced. Brother W. did not know what it was best for him to do. He never was more at a loss in his life. Then Mr. N. decended from his pulpit, but he did not step forward to meet him. How could he do that? Others gathered around and shook hands with him, but still he lingered and held back.

"Where is brother W.?" was at length heard asked. It was the voice of the minister.

"Here he is," said one or two, opening the way to where the farmer stood.

The preacher advanced, and catching his hand, said—

"How do you do, brother W.? I am glad to see you. And where is sister W.?

Sister W. was brought forward and the preacher shook hands with them heartily, while his face was lit up with smiles.

"I believe I am to find a home with you," he said, as it was settled.

Before the still embarrassed brother and sister could reply, some one asked—

"How came you to be detained so late? You was expected last night. And where is brother R.?"

"Brother R. is sick," replied Mr. N., "and I had to come alone. Five miles from here my horse gave out, and I became so cold and weary that I found it necessary to ask a farmer not far from here to give me a night's lodging, which he was kind enough to do. I was much nearer my journey's end than I supposed."

This explanation was satisfactory to all parties, and in due time the congregation dispersed, and the Presiding Elder went home with brother and sister W. One thing is certain, however: the story never got out for some years after the worthy brother and sister had passed from their labors, and it was then related by Mr. N. himself, who was rather eccentric in his character, and like numbers of his ministerial brethren, fond of a joke, and given to relating stories.

A LETTER FROM AFTON, N. Y.

DEATH OF A DEAF-MUTE LITTLE BOY AND HIS COUSIN—TWO FUNERALS.

AFTON, N. Y., August 24, 1877.

DEAR EDITOR:—We all like to read your Journal, that I assure you I think is one of the best of papers.

Perhaps your readers remember my beloved brother Cuyler, who was killed by a falling tree five years ago this month. Now I will sadly say something about his son Alva, who was seven years old. He had been attending school in Rome one year. He was sick when he got home at the end of the year. After seven long weeks of suffering, he died, August 10th., of the typhoid fever, which terminated in ulcers on his lungs. The morning before he died he told us he was going home to Jesus, and he could spell no more. He retained his senses until the last.

Alva's dear cousin, Hector Pike, said "let me go." He died the same morning. He also had the typhoid fever. They were both noble lads. Let them go to rest and be happy with Cuyler, to part no more. O how sweet they sleep in Jesus loving arms. "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." "And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them." I am very thankful that we did all we could for our dear Alva through his long illness. He was very patient in suffering and was dear to us all. His grandpa and grandma thinks of him and weep. We miss him much he was the pet of us all.

Alva's mother was here to see him before he died but was with him only three days. We are so glad she was able to see her poor boy. His beloved sister Flora often grieves, and told me she wished she was dead before Alva died, she would meet him and her father together. She does not like to be alone without her dear brother. We expect she is going back to school this fall. Flora and Alva were both mutes. Flora will be very lonesome, but God will bless her.

Florence, (we call her Flora) has been an inmate at the N. Y. Institute for three years but sickness compelled us to take her and send her to Rome, so last year she with her little brother was entered as pupils at the Rome Institute, she will probably return to school a poor lonely child.

I copy an article from the Bainbridge paper about the death and funeral which reads: "A singular coincidence in the family of Mr. Abijah Lyon of Afton, occurred yesterday.

Mr. Lyon, who is well known in this vicinity, was until lately a resident of this town, and is one of that peculiar class of individuals known as unfortunates; and whose misfortunes culminated in the death, five years ago this month, of his only son, (a mute) from injuries received by a tree felled, leaving a wife, son and daughter, all mutes, dependent upon him for support. From that time Mr. Lyon, broken down in health and means, has struggled on as best he could with this new burden laid upon him.

Last Friday the little grandson was taken away after a severe sickness of nearly two months, and ere night tidings was received of the death of another grandson at the same hour, and about the same age in the adjoining town of Colesville. Arrangements were then made to inter the two bodies in the same grave yard in the vicinity of Harpersville; and on Sunday, the two processions being fifteen miles apart, were put in motion under such good management, that they met at the cemetery within five minutes of each other; but such a scene. The two little coffins first moved up the aisle into the yard, and there as the members of the two processions alternately filed into line, brothers meeting brothers, and sisters falling on each other's necks, meeting under solemn and affecting circumstances, moved every eye to tears. After a mutual interview of the little bodies, the coffins were lowered into their last resting place, and the Rev. E. T. Jacobs, of Afton, standing on the little mound between the two graves improved the occasion as only Elder T. Jacobs could do, while the mute mother signified to those around her, her submission to and faith in that God who had taken her husband and son, and her belief that their spirits were now joined in the grand brotherhood on high. It was altogether one of the most touching scenes one may meet on earth."

WEALTHY L. LYON.

STRIKING AT LYTTON BULWER.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Since the advent of the *Journal*, we have noticed, that a large number of mutes have been eager to contribute articles to its columns, and many of them have done so, but others, who "would if they could," have been unable to do so on account of their "crooked English." So your readers need not be surprised to hear, that many of them are desirous of re-entering the N. Y. Institution as pupils, not only to improve themselves in the higher studies, but also to learn something of the art of printing. Among them is the secretary of the Manhattan Literary Association, and possibly its 1st Vice-President; also he, who under the high-sounding *nom de plume* of Lytton Bulwer, secretely proclaimed to the "Deaf-mute World" that he could but would not be a teacher, will, if he can, condescend to enter the High Class. He understands something of fractions. Alas! In a recent number of your paper, "Student-at-home" anxiously inquires, why many of the High Class boys do not enter the National College, and pays them this rather doubtful compliment, "that none of them (the best most likely) can compare favorably with some of our own, in their command of the English language. We are quite sure they can. If the proper authorities of that College would establish trades *a la* Cornell University, at which indigent mutes could work and support themselves, many would eagerly enter, thus benefitting the College and their country, and relieving "Student" of his chronic anxiety, OBSERVER.

New York, Aug. 11, 1877.

—A Scotch witness somewhat given to prevarication, has recently given an exact and careful answer which ought to be appreciated by lawyers of every land. "How far is it between the two farms?" said the counsel, "By the road, it's two miles." "Yes, but on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies?" "I dinna ken; I never was a crow."

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

OUR TRIP TO ELMIRA.

In order to attend the Elmira Convention of deaf-mutes, we left home on Monday evening, the 27th ult., by the New York Express, on the Oswego and Rome RR., and went as far as Pulaski, nine miles, where we changed cars for a train on the Syracuse Northern RR. At about 9:30 we stepped from the train at the depot in Syracuse, and were met by several deaf-mute friends, among whom were C. O. Upham and C. H. Cooper of Watertown, and E. E. Miles, H. A. Rumrill, E. P. Wood and some others, young deaf-mutes, residents of Syracuse. We spent the night at the Washington House, where Mr. Rumrill is boarding.

Tuesday morning, at 9:45, we took a train for Binghamton, over the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western RR., which passes through one of the most picturesque valleys of this country. On the train we met with our genial friend, Luman Thompson, of this place, whose company we found very pleasant and interesting. Upon arriving at Binghamton, we took up with his advice and went with him to the Crandall House, which he recommended in preference to another whose agent was soliciting patronage from the passengers on board the train. The Crandall is not a very pretentious hotel, but very neat, and very good dinners are furnished for the very moderate sum of forty cents. We cheerfully recommend it to all travelers, and especially to strangers stopping in Binghamton. Having at least four hours to wait for a train on the Erie Railway, we spent the time in viewing the city, the beauty of which far exceeded our anticipations, it being a very flourishing city, having many extensive warehouses, and being well adorned with a large number of magnificent private residences and business places. We went early to the depot, and, while waiting the arrival of the cars, the D., L. & W. train from New York via. Scranton arrived, from which alighted Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet, who had come from Boston the previous night, by way of New York. Half an hour later the New York & Erie express thundered into the depot and we stepped on board the train, and were soon off for Elmira. In the cars we met a good delegation of deaf-mutes, bound for the same destination as ourselves. Among others was the venerable Prof. Job Turner, the New England missionary to deaf-mutes. During the ride from Boston his face had become pretty thoroughly blackened by smoke and cinders from the puffing engine, but he did not seem much exhausted by his long journey, and appeared in good spirits. We found Mr. Turner's company very pleasant, conversing with him till we arrived at Elmira. We made our headquarters at the Rathburn House, a first-class hotel, largely patronized by the public. For the moderate price of two dollars per day we could do no better. The fare was such as to satisfy all reasonable demands, and the beds were such as bring rest to the weary limbs of the occupants.

In connection with the Rathburn House is a telegraph office. The operator we recognized as Louis Weed, a son of Rev. T. A. Weed, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of this village. With Louis we spent a portion of what little spare time we had during our sojourn in the city. On our second day at Elmira, we had the rare pleasure of meeting with Rev. and Mrs. T. A. Weed, their daughter Julia, and youngest son Eddie, who had come to visit Louis.

At the *sine die* adjournment of the Convention, (a full account of the proceedings of which we will publish next week,) we retraced our way homeward, over the same route by which we went, having the company of Mr. Upham, as far as Pulaski. Mr. Cooper did not go to the Convention. When we saw him in Syracuse, he had been taking a Turkish bath for the benefit of his health. He went back home, to Watertown, the same evening, after we saw him. Messrs. Miles, Upham, Rumrill, and Wood were our companions, from Syracuse to Elmira and return. All of us, and Mr. M. Heyman, of New York, occupied one large room at the Rathburn House, in order to save large expenses. From Elmira we also again had the company of Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet and the New York delegation, as far as Binghamton on our return. Messrs. Miles, Upham, Rumrill, Wood, and our self again took dinner at the Crandall House. The fare (remember it was all for forty cents,) consisted of beef, roast and steak, chicken pies, lamb, Irish and sweet potatoes, succotash, tomatoes and cucumbers, water-melons, musk-melons, fruit, nuts, ice-cream, and everything needed to complete a first class hotel dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Gallaudet and the others going to New York, had but a few minutes to stay at Binghamton. The train soon bore them to their homes.

After dinner our company of five, having a few hours to wait for our train for Syracuse, took a ride out to the Asylum for Inebriates. The Asylum is large, commodious and comfortable, pleasantly conducted, overlooking the beautiful valley, and seems well adapted to its use—that of a place for reforming those who have become so addicted to ardent spirits that they are, alone, powerless to conquer their appetites for liquor. It is about three miles from town and from its elevated position may be obtained a fine view of the city and surrounding country. Some of the patients have been inmates of the Asylum for several months. All the inmates were, apparently well cared for, and seemed to be in a comfortable place. The permanency of their cure, of the thirst for liquor, will of course depend much upon themselves after leaving the Asylum. Our party reached Syracuse at 8 P. M. The following day we left for home, which we reached in the evening. We shall ever retain a pleasant recollection of our Elmira trip.

MAKING THE DEAF HEAR AND THE DUMB SPEAK.

Although the day of miracles by Divine intervention is by most of people considered to be past, and there is now no Son of Man, in visible form on earth, going about healing the sick and loosening the tongues and unstopping the ears of the deaf and dumb to make them hear and speak, yet, science with her modern appliances, added to those of past centuries, is accomplishing so much for this class of people, that notwithstanding they may not literally be made to hear and speak, they can be so educated that their eyes and hands go far towards supplying for them a good substitute for vocal speech, the lack of which is caused by the absence of the sense of hearing. The multifarious ways by which the manual alphabet may be brought into practical usefulness, in communication between the deaf and dumb themselves, and quite frequently with hearing people, fully demonstrates to even a casual observer, that the educated deaf-mutes of this age are not debarred from social intercourse with others.

The modes of teaching the deaf and dumb, and educating them are various and, no doubt, each method has its imperfections, while each has also its especial merits distinct from all the rest. The Sign and Manual Alphabet language, which predominates in this country, has large claims for its virtues, and is probably not without its faults.

The Articulation and Lip-reading process of education, has much to commend it to the hearing friends of the deaf and dumb, but that style of deaf-mute education can not in all cases be made available. The friends of each particular system claim much for its practical utility, while to the impartial looker-on there is evidently something lacking in all of them. There is, however, an unanimity of opinion in the great important fact, that even the poorest way yet invented for instructing deaf-mutes has attained and always attains many practical, good results. Every year developes some new and useful facilities for the education of the deaf and dumb, and great progress has been made in that direction within the present century. The deaf-mutes' have much to be thankful for, when they think of the condition of those of their kind who in ancient times were objects of dread and pity.

DEFERRED TILL NEXT WEEK.

Our arrival home from Elmira on Saturday evening, made it too late to publish the proceedings of the Convention in this week's paper. They will appear in full in our next week's issue,

Church Service for Deaf-mutes in Brooklyn.

Monthly service for Deaf-mutes in St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, Classon Avenue, near Willoughby, on Sunday, Sept. 9th, at 4 P. M. Will those who see this notice please inform their friends.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

The St. John's Church for deaf-mutes, was opened in Cincinnati, Ohio, September 2.

The hard times don't interfere with the increase of the deaf-mute population of Newport, Ky.

Henry Matthewson of Pulaski, was in Mexico last Sunday, and attended morning services at Grace Church.

Mr. John Tracy and Mrs. Sarah Clubb, former pupils of the Michigan Institution were recently united in marriage

Prof. Carrol, of the Minnesota Institution was lately in Cincinnati, for two days, on his way to Michigan, to meet his wife.

Miss Pietrowski, for five years a teacher at the Minnesota Institution, has resigned and gone to Minneapolis, to live with her sister.

Prof. Parker, Principal of the Michigan Institution and Miss Hooper, of Grand Blanc, Mich., were married on the 27th of last July.

On the 23d, Prof. R. P. McGregor and wife returned to Newport, Ky., after a five weeks' tour in the west. They looked much improved in health.

Workmen are busily at work putting up the main building of the Minnesota Institution at Faribault. They have advanced as far as the fourth story.

Prof. Noyes, Superintendent of the Minnesota Institution, has been spending a few days with his family, at a point some miles above Stillwater, Minn., a beautiful summer resort.

Mr. Robert Lee, just graduated from the Indiana Institution, recently arrived in Newport, Ky., to live there permanently. He is a brother of Mrs. Jesse Hoagland. He expects to follow the shoemaker's trade.

On the 30th of August, Mr. Frank Cately, of Cincinnati, was married to Miss Mary Ann Eddy, of Louisville, in St. Patrick's Church. The former was a graduate of the Columbus, Ohio, Institution, and the latter of the Danville, Ky., Institution.

Rev. A. W. Mann preached to the deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church Flint, Mich., in the evening of August 20th. Eight deaf-mutes and six hearing persons were present. One of the latter was Prof. J. W. Parker, Principal of the Michigan Deaf and Dumb and Blind Institution at Flint.

The Rev. A. W. Mann held a service in Gethsemane Church, Minneapolis, Minn., Rev. S. Knickerbocker, Rector. After the second lesson, the Dr. baptised a lady, and three children of deaf-mute parents. Mr Mann read the formula in the sign language. There was a goodly attendance of those most directly interested.

The deaf-mutes of Worcester, Mass., with Mr. Herman Erbe, of Southington, Ct., had a glorious time at Holden's Grove Friday, August 24th, in boating, swinging, dancing and other amusements. Mr. Holden's kind attentions, and generous gift of fruit were gratefully received, and a vote of thanks therefor was tendered to him by the deaf-mutes.

Prof. Martin Chamberlain, a tutor in the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Rome, N. Y., is a prominent member of the convention, at Elmira. The professor is able to talk while not hearing in the least. What a comfort! He can scold his wife to his heart's content, and then has the satisfaction of not hearing a word of the sharp retorts that woman administers in return.—*Syracuse Journal.*

The reunion, which was to have taken place at the Illinois Institution in the early part of August, is postponed to Sept. 6. The cause of the postponement is the recent strikes on the principal railway lines in the state, which at the time seemed likely to last long and interfere with the gathering. Those having charge of the arrangements, relating to this, the first reunion of the Illinois graduates, promise to make the occasion one of profitable interest. Let all attend who can.

A deaf and dumb chap named George W. Hays went into a private room at Corey's store to try on some new pants, and shortly after having left, it was found that John Churchill's watch was missing. The boy was found at this office with the watch in his possession. He was lectured upon the enormity of his offense and after promising faithfully—by means of pencil and paper—to lead an honest life hereafter and never again to do wrong was allowed to depart.—*Hubbardston Mich. Advertiser.*

Of Prof. S. T. Greene's address, delivered before the Convention of deaf-mutes, at Elmira, the *Elmira Daily Advertiser* speaks as follows:

The oration we are sure, will repay perusal. Its language is very fine. The manuscript was prepared for the press by the speaker, and was just as it appears in print. Very little manuscript that comes to our office but what has to undergo a remodeling before it goes to the printer, both as to spelling, punctuation and sometimes construction. The peculiarity of deaf-mute instruction is that its pupils are trained to write properly, they always follow the rule.

The deaf-mutes' meeting at Charles A. Brown's house in Belfast, Me., was opened with prayer by P. W. Packard, of Salem, Mass., Saturday evening, Aug. 25th, 1877, and with Mrs. Anna A. Brown in the chair, was organized into a society under the name of "The Belfast Society of Deaf-mutes." C. A. Brown was chosen Clerk. The members of the Society are viz., Francis M. Staples, Charles A. Brown, Anna A. Brown, Nathan E. Pendleton and Mrs. Prudence E. Staples. The following officers elected by acclamation, are viz: F. M. Staples, President; N. Pendleton, Secretary; C. A. Brown, Treasurer. C. A. Brown and N. E. Pendleton, were appointed a committee to propose by-laws, and the meeting was adjourned to Sept. 15, 1877. The object of the society is to secure monthly services of preachers, and establish religious meetings. The next day being Sunday, Mr. P. W. Packard preached at Mr. Brown's house in the forenoon, from Matthew 18, 20, which is an encouragement to a small religious assembly and in the afternoon, from Acts 11, 26, which he asked us to consider among ourselves "How shall I become a Christian"

Local Paragraphs.

Cool weather for the time of year.

Mr. George H. Whitney, of Oswego, was visiting friends in this village last week.

We are informed that Dr. Radway is quite sick. We wish him a speedy recovery.

We learn that the family of John Premo lately deceased is in very destitute circumstances.

The first coal train for three or four weeks at Oswego, arrived on the 29th ult., by the D. L. & W. RR.

The days are perceptibly growing shorter and the nights are, to some, imperceptibly growing longer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Tiffany left home last Saturday for a week's visit among their friend in Orleans Co., N. Y.

Spencer B. Webb, of this town, who has been in Chicago since last fall, has lately gone from that city to California.

Mrs. Ella Baker has returned from her visit at Syracuse, where she has been spending a few days with friends.

We received a short but pleasant call last Saturday from Mr. W. H. Albright, of Auburn Theological Seminary.

There will be a party at Worden's Hotel, Coloss, Wednesday evening, Sept. 12, 1877. Tickets for dance 50 cents. By order of Com.

Make calculations to, at least part of the time, attend our County Fair where you may meet old friends that you see but once a year.

Calvin Allen formerly of Colosse, and his wife, made a short visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Allen, last week.

We understand that Will Flint, of this place, who was quite sick for a few days, is recovering. We are pleased to hear that he is getting better.

The price of cheese has lately been steadily advancing. We hear that the Union Factory of this village declined an offer of eleven cents last week.

There will be a Base Ball Tournament on our fair grounds, commencing on monday, the 17th inst., and continuing for three or four days.

Peaches have been brought in, from distant parts of the country, quite flush of late, but long transportation makes them rather high in this market.

Mrs. F. N. Robinson and Miss Attie Shipman, of Syracuse, who have been visiting for a few days at Samuel McKay's in this place, left for home last Saturday.

We learn that, the prospect for a fair crop of apples in the towns of New Haven and Scriba, are quite favorable. The crop is expected to be light in this town.

A load of musk-melons from Adams, came into town last Friday, but finding purchasers not very plenty passed on, bound we presume, for Dempster Grove camp-meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove Halsey, living near Grafton Square, lost one of their children last week, and another was very sick, but at last accounts alive with hopes of recovery.

Our genial friend Walter C. Stone, publisher of the Camden (N. Y.) *Advance*, gave us a call one day last week while makinga short visit at the home of his parentsin this village.

There was a larger attendance than usual at the Thursday evening prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening. The pastor and his wife were both present.

Those who have a fondness for "tipping the fantastic toe" to sweet strains of music have a rare treat in store for them at Empire Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday nights of next week.

A load of peaches passing our office last Saturday was a refreshing sight The owner did not stop his team, being too well acquainted with the proverbial poverty of printers.

Co. "I," of this village, went to Oswego, on the 29th ult., for regimental inspection. The time of quite a number of the men of Co. "I" expired during last month; the Company was organized in August 1870.

By holding our County Fair early. September 11, 12 and 13, it is hoped to escape being caught in a long rain which frequently occurs later in the month. It is expected, that the Fair this year will be more than usually attractive, and that there will be a large attendance, which has generally been good.

At 1. P. M. last Sunday quite a crowd of people assembled on the banks of Salmon Creek below Thomas' mills, to witness the imposing ceremony of baptizing by immersion. Five ladies and gentleman were immersed by Rev. J. H. McGahen, pastor of the Baptist church in this village.

On Sunday evening last, about the close of the usual Sunday evening services, the rain began to descend, gently at first but gradually increasing, and finally terminated in showers, which for copiousness and extent in duration, have been with a single exception, without an equal this season.

Mr. Daniel Letson, of this town, called into our office one day last week and sampled us some of his black Muscadine Grapes. He says his crop of grapes is large this year, and good judges express the opinion that he will have a ton of them if the frosts hold off for a reasonable length of time. We hope he will realize a good profit out of his grape crop this year.

Calvin H. Allen, formerly of Colosse N. Y., has been appointed receiver of the Jacksonville, Pensacola and Mobile R. R.

Quite a number of boys from our village, have returned to college. The boys have enjoyed their vacation, and go back feeling well prepared to do justice to their studies. Several have also gone, or about to go, who will enter the Freshman class.

At the Oswego Co. Old Folks' Reunion, on the fair grounds in this village one day last week, speeches were made, old reminiscenses talked over, stories told of the hardships encountered by the pioneers of this county, and a happy time enjoyed. "Grandmother" Wickwire, aged 94, was present and related some anecdotes of old times.

Last Saturday morning sportsmen in considerable numbers from this place took an early start on a duck-hunting trip to Palermo swamps and Sandy Creek marshes. The game laws relative to the killing of wild ducks having been suspended from the last day of August, hunters for that game were prepared to leave town early on the morning of September 1st.

From early morning last Sunday there was an almost uninterrupted passage of people, by stages and private vehicles, from this place and other towns, directed for Dempster Grove camp-meeting. Before noon probably the great bulk of the people going were on the grounds, though some went in the afternoon and evening. About three o'clock P. M., many were seen returning, but large numbers remained through the evening.

Rev. J. H. McGahen, Pastor of the Baptist Church in this place, made us a very friendly call at our office last Tuesday; a call which proved not only pleasant but useful. Having formerly been a compositor by occupation, the Rev. gentleman seized a "stick", and the ease with which he handled the type, and the rapidity with which the letters were formed into words, fully demonstrated that he was at home in a printer's office.

A rumor was in circulation last week that John Jones, of Prattville, whose foot was injured by a thrashing machine, was much worse and at one time it was reported that he was dead. Upon investigation both rumors proved to be incorrect and, Mr. Jones was feeling quite comfortable, daily improving, with but little pain, a good appetite and he is now doing as well as might be expected. We hope to see him out before long.

Last Friday morning two young men of this village, desiring an increased appetite "for hash", went to the fair grounds before breakfast and enjoyed a walking race on the trotting course. The distance around the circle, one half mile, was quickly measured twice by both the walkers. One made the mile in nine minutes and thirty five seconds, the other in ten minutes and fifteen seconds. Both think they have not done their best.

The forty-ninth annual meeting of the Oswego County Baptist Association was held at Oswego on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. On Wednesday evening a sermon was delivered by Rev. J. H. McGahen, of this village. The meeting was well represented by the clergy and laity of the county. During the session a sermon was also preached by Rev. C. Sherwood of Colosse, and an address on Home Missions delivered by Rev. Dr. Sheldon of Troy N. Y. Much business was transacted and the convention was one of unusual interest.

Remember that the Oswego County Agricultural Society will hold its annual Fair in this village on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, of next week. It is hoped that every one of our citizens who can, will give a portion of time to their attendance at the Fair. All who have any articles of merit should contribute something to add to the display. Not every one can get the first premium, but the chances are open for all. Nearly everybody can do a little towards making the Fair attractive and pleasant.

Dr. G. A. Dayton has concluded to make Oswego his future home. Dr. Dayton's reputation as a first-class physician, which he has sustained during his twenty-five years' residence in our village, his invariable kindness and liberality to poor patients, and the esteem and respect in which himself and family are regarded in this community, make the changing of their residence a matter of deep regret among their large circle of friends in this vicinity. The best wishes of their numerous friends accompany them to their new home.

At Dempster Grove camp-meeting last Saturday, a letter was read by Rev. A. L. York, Presiding Elder of Oswego District, from Rev. Mr. Affleck, of Toronto, Canada, stating that he was providentially detained from filling the appointment of delivering the Temperance address announced for that day. A good substitute was provided in the person of Rev. W. F. Hemenway, Pastor of the M. E. church in this village, by whom the subject of temperance was well handled. At the conclusion of Mr. Hemenway's eloquent sermon, Mr. J. W. Demmon of North Huron, N. Y., a reformed inebriate, rose and related a thrilling account of his down-fall, his apparent helpless condition, his struggles against his appetite for alcohol, and his final victory by the help of Divine Grace, and that he rejoiced in being able to say "I've been redeemed." Remarks were also made by lawyer Gardner, President of the Reform Society of Oswego City.

THE PRESBYTERIAN SOCIETY'S PICNIC.

A rainy morning last Saturday did not present a very encouraging prospect for a picnic at Mexico Point, which had been previously announced by the Presbyterian Society of this village. The thunder showers of the previous night, succeeded by a misty morning and a drizzling rain, with muddy roads and dripping foliage, made the out-look for a day of pleasure on the beach anything but flattering. However, people and teams began to arrive at the church about nine o'clock. Patiently the excursionists awaited the appearance of better weather which was so long deferred that, it was rumored, the picnic was postponed till the following Saturday, and many went to their homes.

But about eleven o'clock the rain had ceased, the clouds broken away, the sky was clear and there were abundant promises of good weather. Shortly after the roads were drying off fast by a bright sun and a cool breeze from the west, and it was determined to go ahead with the picnic, and make the best of the remainder of the day. The church bell was rung loud and long, the picnic-goers reassembled in reasonable numbers, and about one o'clock the larger part had got started though some went much later. The afternoon proved to be quite cool, but pleasant, and the best possible use was made of the rather limited time at the lake, and the occasion was every way highly enjoyable, and especially appreciated by the children. Dinner in abundance, consisting of solids and delicacies, was served and partaken of with a keen relish, boating, bathing, swinging and various other amusements were heartily enjoyed, and the excursionists reached home in due season very well satisfied with the picnic, chances for which in the morning looked, at the best, rather dubious.

TEMPERANCE WORK IN SODUS.

Dr. Bacon, "the Temperance Evangelist" is expected here this week, and will spend a few days in our midst engaged in his glorious work. The eastern towns of this county are all aglow with excitement and speak in very high terms of the doctor. While he was in Wolcott over 200 names were enrolled on his pledge. We are glad to hear that this noted lecturer has accepted the invitation, given by The Ladies' Temperance Union, to visit this place, and we hope the results of his labor will be as manifest here as they are in the places already visited by him. May God speed this good begun work.

STARLIGHT.

SODUS, Wayne Co., N. Y. Sept. 3, 1877.

Very Favorable Opening for Mexico Academy.

The opening of the Academy is very satisfactory, there being an attendance of 113 up to the present date.

The camp-meeting and fair doubtless keeping many from attending the first three weeks. The faculty look for a large school during the term. The prompt attendance and large register on the first day, enabled the faculty to make the first week as profitable to the students as any in the term.

Much credit is due to Prof. Havens for his management, and the opening of the year is decidedly flattering.

WANTED.

A situation as teacher, in any Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, by W. N. Sparrow, a deaf-mute, of Eastham, Mass. Is a graduate of the National College for Deaf-mutes, Washington, D. C. References—Prof. E. M. Gallaudet, Washington, D. C., E. C. Stone, Hartford, Ct.

HOW TO CATCH TROUT.

Douglass Frazar gives instruction, in *Harper's Magazine* how to fish for trout. Always fish down a stream, in fishing up the stream the bait is continually coming home to one's feet after every cast and the nearer it approaches the person the less chance of a bite. It is best to wade in the bed of the stream, as by this means one can keep the bait in the water for long distances without making a cast. Give up all idea of using artificial flies; and there is usually no chance to cast them and very few fish will rise to them. Use a light-jointed pole not over twelve feet in length, with a delicate running-gear and small reel, small hook, seamed on silk-worm gut. Use angle-worms and these may be much improved by being kept a few days on clean moss in a large uncovered open-mouthed bottle. In baiting the point of your hook it had better not be covered. Take the worm by the middle and pierce the hook through a small portion, say half an inch; then put on another the same way at the same time. There is a great science in baiting and it rests on having the worm lively, and with extremities left dangling. When you have a bite do not pull at all, but strike your fish as it is called. This is done by a motion of the wrist, sharp, short, abrupt; not a jerk, a motion that commences sharply, but ends almost instantly and abruptly. Be in no hurry to land him; you can do it at your leisure, stepping back to a sure foundation before raising your fish gently from the water. The great mistake made by those who do not understand this sport is to pull the moment they have a bite. The result usually is to see the trout wind himself round about some limb over-head or if he failed to be hooked, which is often the case in pulling to see the bait and hook in the same position. Remember that trout are very shy, and having once disturbed them it is useless to fish for them. Of course every fisherman will differ with Mr. Frazer on more or less of these points.

WHEN THE BLOSSOMS COVER US DARLING.

This is the name of another of the popular Charlie Baker's new songs; which can be had from any music dealer in the United States, or from the publisher, F. W. HELMICK, No. 50 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O., by sending 35 cents.

When the blossoms cover us, darling
With their bloom of white and gold,
And our faces are hid from each other
In the church yard so white and so cold,
Of the many dear ones who will never
See our faces or greet us again,
Are there any kind hearts in that day, love,
Who will think of us, care for us then?

Fair Dance.

The Ontario Base Ball Club, of this village, will hold a public dance the second and third nights of our Fair, Sept. 12th and 13th. The managers of the party have made every arrangement necessary for, and will spare no pains in, making this eclipse all former Fair dances heretofore got up in our village, and all who enjoy such exercise and rare entertainment are respectfully, and cordially invited to patronize our boys by being present on the above-named occasion. Good music in attendance. Tickets 75 cents.

BY ORDER OF COM.

☞ Our stock of stationery is now nearly complete, and our business men will do well to call and examine some of our Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Head, Statements, and especially our stock of Envelopes, which we will furnish at the lowest possible rates.

WATCHES! JEWELRY!

Romaine Gold, so extensively worn in Paris, was first discovered in 1870, by the celebrated French chemist Mons. D. Be Lsinge, who manufactured it into jewelry and for five years sold it to the leading jewelers of Paris for **Solid Gold.** In 1875, when his secret became known, ten of the manufacturing jewelers established a stock company, with a capital of $10,000,000 for the purpose of manufacturing **Romaine Gold Jewelry and Watches.** With this immense capital, and the aid of improved machinery they are enabled to produce all the latest patterns of jewelry at less than one-tenth the cost of Solid Gold, and of a quality and color which makes it impossible even for experts to detect it from the genuine.

We have secured the exclusive agency of the United States and Canada, for the sale of all goods manufactured from this metal, and in order to introduce them in the most speedy manner, have put up assorted sample lots as given below, which we will sell at **one-tenth the retail value until January 1st, 1878.** Read the list.

50-Cent Lot.

One Gents Watch Chain,	retail price	$1 00
One Pair Engraved Sleeve Buttons,	"	75
One Stone-Set Scarf Pin,	"	75
One Set (3) Spiral Shirt Studs	"	75
One improved shape Collar Button,	"	50
One heavy plain Wedding Ring,	"	1 25
Total		$5 00

For 50 cents we will send above six articles postpaid.

$1.00 Lot.

One pair Sleeve Buttons, stone setting
One set (3) Spiral Shirt Studs.
One heavy band Engagement Ring.
One set (2) Engraved Bracelets.
One Ladies' Long Guard or Neck Chain.
One Engraved Miniature Locket, for the above
One Gents' Heavy Link Watch Chain.
One Lake George Diamond Stud.

$2.00 Lot.

One Ladies' Neck Chain and Charm.
One Ladies' Heavy Guard Chain for Watch.
One set Pin and Ear Rings, Amethyst.
One Extra fine Miniature Locket.
One Cameo Seal Ring.
One very heavy Wedding or Engagament Ring.
One Gents' heavy Watch Chain with Charm.
One pair Pearl Inlaid Sleeve Buttons.
One Lake George Cluster Pin.
One pair (2) heavy band Bracelets.

$3.00 Lot.

One Ladies' Opera Guard Chain.
One Ladies' Neck Chain and Cross.
One beautiful Locket, (engraved),
One Pair Band Bracelets.
One Gents' Twist Link Vest Chain and Charm.
One pair Onyx Sleeve Buttons.
One set (3) Onyx Shirt Studs.
One new improved Collar Button.
One Extra Cut Cameo Seal Ring.
One Arizona Solitaire Stud.
One set Amethyst or Topaz Pin and Ear Drops.
One Ladies' Chemise Button.
One Plain Ring, stamped 18 K.

$5.00 Lot.

One Ladies' Opera Chain, with Slide and Tassel (retail price $5.00.)
One Gents' heavy Watch Chain, with Curb charm, (retail price $5.00).
One Ladies' heavy long Neck Chain.
One elegant Chased Minature Locket for above
One set Cameo Medalion Pin and Ear Drops.
One Pair (2) heavy Chased Band Bracelets.
One Gent's Solitaire Diamond Stud.
One Gent's Cluster Diamond Pin.
One pair Amethyst or Onyx Sleeve Buttons.
One set (3) Studs to match the above.
One elegant heavy set Cameo Seal Ring.
One Massive Band or Wedding Ring.
One new "patent" Collar Button.
One Ladies' Chemise Button.
One Amethyst or Topaz Ring, (extra finish).

The retail price of the articles in each sample lot amounts to exactly ten times the price we ask for the lot: for example, our $1.00 lot retails for $10.00; our $5.00 for $50.00.

A SOLID ROMAINE GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH FREE.

To any one sending us an order for the above lots by express to the amount of $15.00, we will send **FREE** one Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch, Gents' or Ladies' size, warranted to keep perfect time and look equally as well as a $100.00 gold watch. By mail $15.50. This is our best offer to Agent, and is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from $20 to $50. Gents' or Ladies' Watch alone, $7 or $8, with a heavy Gents' Gold Pattern Vest Chain and Charm, or Ladies' Opera Chain with slide and tassel.

REMEMBER!—This offer only holds good until Jan. 1, 1878. After that time we shall sell only to Jobbers and Wholesale dealers, and any one wishing our goods will then have to pay full retail prices.

Romaine Gold is the best, and, in fact, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and all our goods are made in the latest gold patterns. We guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or refund money.

Send money by P. O., Money Order, or Registered Letter, AT OUR RISK. No goods sent C. O. D. unless at least $5.00 accompanies the order. Address plainly, **W. F. EVANS & CO.,** Sole Agt's for U. S. and Canada, 95 & 97 *South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.*

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

SOME NEWBURYPORT DEAF-MUTES' OPINION OF PROF. JOB TURNER'S "CHURCH MISSION" IN THAT CITY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please allow us to make a few observations on Prof. Job Turner's communication in your last week's issue, of his visit to this place. It is true that Prof. Atwood and others made no demonstrative opposition to his establishing an Episcopal Church Mission to Deaf-mutes in Newburyport, but it does not follow that it receives our approbation. There is only a small number of mutes here, belonging to churches of different denominations. The present society was formed solely for the purpose of enabling the mutes of *all* church denominations, living in this city and vicinity, to come together and have religious services on the Sabbath, conducted in the sign language. It happens, however, that there is not a single mute in Newburyport or vicinity either a member of, or attending the Episcopal Church. Now the establishing of a "Newburyport Church Mission to Deaf-mutes," by Prof. Turner, amounts to nothing as far as the mutes here are concerned. If there were one or more mutes of the Episcopal denomination here, this setting up of such a "Church Mission" would only have the effect of dividing the present society, and destroying its happy non-sectarian organization, which Prof. Turner is too intelligent not to know to be a fact. Therefore, the members of the "Newburyport Society of Deaf-mutes" desire to say that they think the establishing of an "Episcopal Newburyport Church Mission to Deaf-mutes," not only unwise, but unfortunate, as the smallness of the number of mutes here obviously suggests the advisability of the existence of but one society or church mission, which must be entirely evangelical in its character or form, and that society composed of all the mutes in the vicinity being already established and in successful operation, working harmoniously, we fail to see the need or advisability of establishing another.

We are obliged to Prof. Turner for the statement that he did what he had done without the intention of *disturbing* the society under the leadership of Prof. Atwood; now almost any one can see, that it would interfere with the financial prosperity of the infant society here, and that the Episcopalians, who may have hitherto helped it a little, will be less disposed hereafter to contribute towards the support of *two* societies or "Church Missions," and of course giving the preference to that of their own sect. Then you have it where the disturbance" comes in, and Prof. Turner's object is made doubly plain.

ELLEN A. RICHARDSON.
L. S. COFFIN, Sec'y N. S. D. M.
Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 29, 1877.

A WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 1, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will send you some items, which may be of interest to the readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Mr. Herman Erbe, a young deaf-mute of Southington, Conn., came to this city, Wednesday, the 22d ult., to make a short visit among his friends here. He was educated at the Hartford (Conn.) Asylum, about eight years, and was a student at the National Deaf-mute College at Washington, D. C., between three and four years, but his circumstances some time ago compelled him to discontinue his studies there. He is of German descent, is an intelligent young man, and is a fine specimen of manhood. He has got a nice situation, and works on steel-yards. To go to the Marblehead deaf-mutes' picnic Friday, Aug. 24th, was his principal purpose, but his friends in this city induced him to stay here longer, and at last he consented. He went to Hartford on his way home Saturday afternoon, the 25th ult. He enjoyed his visit here exceedingly, and felt very grateful to the Worcester mutes, who all did the best they could to make his visit pleasant.

Miss Lizzie A. Stevens, a semi-mute lady, of Gardner, Mass., came to Worcester, Monday morning, Aug. 20th., so as to be ready to start for Sterling, where she attended camp meeting, which she enjoyed exceedingly for about a week; and then she returned here Saturday P. M., the 25th ult., and called to see my wife with whom she stopped about two hours, after which she went home to Gardner by railroad at 6 o'clock P. M.

Mrs. E. W. Denny, "Mother," so called, went to Leominster, twenty miles from this city, yesterday, morning to stop at one of her married sisters' residence, where her brothers with their wives and children, and her sisters with their husbands and children from Vermont and this State were to assemble, for the purpose of celebrating their mother's birthday, she being in her ninetieth year. She has a great many descendents. How pleasant it must be for her to see them.

Ten mutes, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Misses Joslin, Alice Houghton, Edith Houghton and Chaffin, Messers. Erbe, Parcells and H. M. Howe, Friday, the 24th ult., went to Lake Quinsigamond, as "picknickers," and enjoyed a pleasant day's stay there very much. They were greatly pleased with a fine sail about the Lake, and before their return home in the evening, Mr. Holden, a speaking man, of this city, kindly treated us with nice peaches. Their hearty thanks are due to him for his kindness to them.

I saw, in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of August the 23d, that Mr. Jacob E. Tuttle, of Pecatonica, Ill., was going to Evanston to buy a new house and lot this year. I wish him much happiness and prosperity. He is an old classmate of mine, and attended school for quite a number of years. When he left school, he moved to Illinois from New Hampshire, and spent a few years studying in the Illinois Institution for Deaf-mutes.

I noticed in the JOURNAL of August the 23d ult., that Miss Annie Louse Cary was to have a $2,400 monument for the family cemetery lot at Durham, Ct. She is a relative of mine. What a beautiful singer she is! She has loved singing since her infancy, and possesses a beautiful voice. She is very much admired by all who hear her sing. You have I presume, heard of her. She went to Italy in the Fall of '66, with the intention of studying music there two years, after which she traveled in several different countries for two years more. She returned home to America in 1870, and has traveled a great deal in this country since she left Europe. She has been to Europe four times since her first trip there. She sang in St. Petersburg, Russia, last winter, and had splendid success there. She says the Russians are very generous and enthusiastic.

Thursday, August 23d, was a beautiful, but hot day. In the evening, the moon shone brightly upon the earth, and everybody enjoyed it very much. Our President arrived in this city, from Concord, N. H., in the evening. He was very well received by our citizens, and then he went to Senator G. F. Hoar's residence, where his reception took place at 8 o'clock P. M. He was hospitably entertained there, and short but appropriate speeches were made, after which our citizens marched along Main St. from the Senator's residence while President and Mrs. Hayes were riding in a carriage, and he was bowing gracefully to a great crowd of people who were eagerly watching him. Our stores, dwellings, and halls were splendidly illuminated along Main Street. Most of the mutes in their rooms enjoyed seeing the President's face. The President and his wife left at 10:30 P. M. by railroad for New York.

Tuesday morning, Mr. Edwin Jenkin's little boy Georgie sixteen months old died. He was sick about three weeks, first with measles, then with whooping cough, and at last with pneumonia. He was a great sufferer up to his death. He was a very interesting child. My wife and myself attended the funeral at 11 o'clock, Thursday forenoon, the 30th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins have our deep sympathy in their affliction.

Miss Delia A. Howe, sister of my wife, who came here from Marlborough, Wednesday P. M., the 29th ult., is visiting us, and will stop with us for a few weeks. She will have plenty of rest from hard work at house-keeping while visiting here.

DANIEL W. CARY.

LETTER FROM W. H. WEEKS.

BOSTON, Aug 25th, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am in Boston now, having come to attend the annual meeting of the Trustees of the N. E. Industrial Home.

I arrived too late to enjoy the picnic, given on Marblehead Neck. Dinner was over when Mr. R. H. Atwood and I arrived, but there were plenty of cobs and a mess of green corn. The attendance was not large, there being about forty persons at the picnic, but when we entered the hall, where the Trustees' meeting was held, there were sixty-five persons present, not all deaf-mutes of course, but a mixture of speaking and hearing persons.

The Trustees' report shows that $1,150 have been collected after having paid all expenses. No other business was transacted than the purchase of a place for the Industrial Home was talked about, but a further delay was advised. After a session of a little over an hour the meeting adjourned. Then the pleasure-seekers wended their way to the shore to take a boat to cross over to the other side.

P. W. Packard has gone to Belfast, Me., to hold service; Prof. Job Turner has gone to New York, and expects to be in Elmira next week. I am staying in Boston over the Sabbath, having been invited to address the "Boston Deaf-mute Society."

The American Asylum in Hartford is fortunate in having no pupils staying there through the vacation. It is a great relief to the Matrons and Officers.

W. H. W.

A GOOD LETTER FROM MOSES SMITH.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I observe that you have cut loose from the *Mexico Independent* and are now running the JOURNAL on your own hook. Your paper presents a beautiful typographical appearance in its new dress, and is better filled than ever before with the intellectual pabulum suited to its class of readers. Success to it, and to you, both financially and editorially.

The settlement of the Weld Estate, of which I wrote you over a year ago, has taken nearly all my time and confined me close to business, both mercantile and fiduciary, for nearly a year and a half past. I ran one of the largest stores in the town successfully, for the benefit of this estate, from April 1876 to May 1877, (when I sold out), a period the most trying in the history of commerce, handling in that time 325 barrels of flour, nearly 100 barrels of sugar, besides teas, coffees, fine groceries, fish, dry goods and notions, ad-libitum, and contending against the fiercest competition of neighboring merchants.

My oldest boy has been a student at the Clinton Grammar School, in Oneida Co, for a year past, and returns there at the close of the vacation next week. He made splendid progress at this school, passing the Regents Examination last spring, and will probably enter Hamilton College in the fall of '78.

Our Sunday School went on an excursion to-day from Round Lake to Troy by RR. thence by steamer "Golden Gate" to Coxsackie, on the Hudson. They were to have been back by six o'clock to-night, but we received a telegram, stating that the "Golden Gate" had grounded five miles below Albany, on the return trip, and would be too late to connect with the evening train, but that they would be up about midnight on the Montreal Express. My three children all went and I am sitting up writing and waiting for them; it is now nearly twelve o'clock P. M. It is an experience something like that you and I and the other pupils once had going to Sandy Hook on a Schooner, and getting becalmed in the lower bay, and having to wait for a turn of the tide to carry us back. Don't you remember? Yours truly,

MOSES SMITH.

JONESVILLE, N. Y. Aug. 30th, 1877.

MR. PARKER AND THE BOW-LEGGED BABY.

Mr. Parker sat last evening in Mr. Vanderbilt's depot on Forty-second street waiting for a train. Mr. Parker's ticket stuck jauntily out from his hat-band and relieved the othewise sombre hue of his head-covering. Mr. Parker's face glowed with benevolence, and the way in which he wiped the perspiration from his lofty brow betrayed at once the philanthropist. A handsome lady sat near Mr. Parker talking a wonderful pathos to a chubby baby about three years old.

"Yes, it was its own muzzer's little wopsy-popsy," said the lady, tossing the crowing child.

"Waugh, hoof, y-a-h!" remarked the infant.

"Muzzer's darlin', wat's de mazzer with it now; is it a nasty pinny-winney?"

"Y-e e, ou, ou, ou, y-o-o h!" continued the cherub, with a remarkably red face.

"I think, madam, the child wants to get down," said Mr. Parker in his blandest tones.

The lady gave Mr. Parker a long look, and evidently satisfied by the benevolent expression of his countenance that he was not the abductor of Charlie Ross, set the baby on the floor.

"Goo, goo, goo," said the little fellow, making a dive for Mr. Parker's stick. Securing it, he got astride and began to trot contentedly about the room. Mr. Parker looked after the child admiringly, but suddenly a gloomy look came into his face, a frown gathered on his brow. "Can it be?" he said to himself; "do my eyes deceive me? No, they do not. The child is absolutely bow-legged. I must talk to the mother about this. My duty as a philanthropist compels me to take this course. I'll break it gently, however." Then he turned to the lady and said. "Are you a student of physiology and hygiene, madam?" "I can't exactly claim to be a student of these things," said the lady, staring a little at the strange question; I believe I did do them once, with a lot of other things, when I was in a boarding-school."

"Perhaps, then, I would not be far wrong if I should venture the conjecture that you are not a student of anatomy?"

"Such a conjecture would be very nearly right, sir."

"You never dissected a cadaver, then; you never articulated a skeleton; you never made a preparation out of a heart, or a lung, or a liver—put 'em in alcohol, you know?" continued Mr. Parker.

"Indeed, I never did," said the lady, a little indignantly, moving away from her questioner.

"Sad," said Mr. Parker, "very sad. All women should be thorough students in these things, in order that they be competent to raise their children properly. Now take, for instance," said Mr. Parker, cautiously, for he did not wish to arouse the lady's suspicions—"take, for instance, a bow-legged baby," —here Mr. Parker paused, apprehensively, and wiped his brow.

"Go on," said the lady, smiling sweetly, and casting an admiring glance at her own little darling, who was trying the strength of the glass in the newsman's office with Mr. Parker's cane—"Go on, a bow-leg—limbed baby—?"

"Now, why should one baby be bow-limbed," continued Mr. Parker, taking the lady's gentle hint, "and another not? It's all owing to lack or care. What a painful sight it is to see the human form divine so twisted out of shape—to see leg—limbs, which Nature made straight, crooked into something like this," and Mr. Parker swept a huge parenthesis with both arms.

"Very painful, indeed," said the lady.

"And the amount of ignorance on the part of the mother, the almost criminal neglect, the—the—the—" Mr. Parker was getting warmed up and hesiated for a strong word. Failing to find it he finished the sentence by saying," it's awful."

"Perfectly awful," said the lady.

Mr. Parker was encouraged. "She is evidently moved," thought he; "she sees her error and desires to let me know it. I will be bolder." Then he cleared his throat and pointed to the baby, who had abandoned the glass door and was gazing intently at the chandelier: "See the case of your own child, madam, doubtless the abnormal curve of his limbs"—Mr. Parker never finished that sentence.

"Do you mean to tell me that my child is bow-legged?" cried the lady, too excited to mince matters. "Do you mean to say all your talk about anatomy, and hygiene, and physiology, and corpses, and skeletons, and preparations, and hearts, and lungs and livers, and bow-legs was aimed at my little darling. Why, you miserable old sinner, his legs are a thousand times, yes, fifty thousand times straigher than yours. Oh, o-o-h!" And she straightened out in her seat and began to hammer the floor with her boot-heels.

Mr. Parker was crushed, but the instinct of self-preservation remained; seizing his stick from the fat hands of all his troubles, he jammed his hat over his eyes and rushed from the building by one door just as a policeman, six passengers and four railroad men dashed in at another to see who was committing the murder.

"Great guns," muttered Mr. Parker, as he got on a Fourth avenue car to go down town. I don't care so much about missing that train, but I'll bet $10,000 that baby had the worst bow-legs that ever came into the county and city of New York."

But Mr. Parker was a little excited when he said that.

MONEY PAID TO THE BLIND.

DOWN IN THE BLIND MEN'S DARK CELLAR WORK-SHOP—THE BLIND MEN'S SOCIETY—THEIR COMPLAINTS AGAINST THE INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

On Monday afternoon the blind, to the number of 325, filled the office of George Kellock, Superintendent of Out-door Poor, at Third avenue and eleventh street. Some are helpless, and shuffled slowly along the sidewalks, led by hired boys or by friends; and some, although blind, threaded their way among the crowded sidewalks with ease. All are very poor, but only one wore on his breast a tin plate with the words, "I am blind." They had come to draw $50 each from the County appropriation of $20,000 made for this year. A clerk in the office ranged them in line, and guided them one by one to an iron railing that formed three sides of a square in the east end of the office, and guarded the clerks' desks from approach except in one direction. As each approached the first window, an attendant took from the applicant's hand a postal card, which had given him notice that his money was ready. This was handed to Clerk W. Blake. The attendant next took the blind person's hand and placed it on the shelf of the window. In a few seconds a card was put into the hand. This certified that the holder was entitled to $50. Then he felt his way along the narrow passage, behind the rail, to the next open window, and there another attendant stopped him, and again his hand was placed on the window shelf. At this window stood Mr. Moor Falls, the pay-master from the Comptroller's office, with a large pile of greenbacks. He took the card from the uplifted hand and called the name written on it. A clerk on his right checked the name on a book from the Comptroller's office and a clerk on his left checked it on a book kept in Superintendent Kellock's office. Then Mr. Falls put the $50 into the hand of the applicant, saying distinctly. "There is fifty dollars." After receiving his money, each was taken in charge by his friend, or by one of the attendants, and led to the door.

In this way $16,250 was paid out in about two hours. Forty-four out of the 369 who had been adjudged entitled to relief did not apply. Mary McKeever, who lives in Thirty-first street, is ninety-four years of age. A clerk will take her money to her. A clerk who visited Bridget Woalen at 44 Marion street found her lying in bed, and at the time unattended. She is eighty years of age.

Before a blind person is adjudged entitled to relief, he must answer the questions printed on a blank. These answers recite the particulars of his life, and must show that he is not supported by any other charity, although the fact that he makes a moderate income by his own industry does not operate against him. The truth of the answers must be sworn to by the applicant. The signature of a physician and those of two reputable citizens are also required.

Among the applicants was Carrie Strohminger. When she was 7 years of age a little playmate pointed a pistol at her and saying playfully, "Carrie, I'll shoot you," pulled the trigger. The pistol was discharged and she lost her sight. She is 20 years of age. Yesterday when she was asked whether it would not have been better if she had been born blind, she answered earnestly: "Oh, no! I am thankful for those seven years of light. I can remember plainly a great many things I saw during that time.

Jame C. Carlisle, who keeps a weighing chair opposite the southeast entrance of Central Park, was among the applicants. He wore a G. A. R. badge. While he was under fire at Petersburg a rebel bullet struck the stock of a rifle that a comrad was aiming, and one of the splinters blinded him. He is president of toe Adult Blind Aid Association. The founder of this Society is Peter Spragg. He is 63 years of age, and was led into the office yesterday to get his $50. He was described by other blind men in the room as a "living book." President Carlisle said: If you give him a sum to do he will sit down and cipher it out in his head, and after he has given the answer he will repeat every word that has been said by you and others while he was at work on the sum." With the aid of his wife and son he keeps a little brush shop at 351 West Thirty-eighth street.

A reporter for the *Sun* was conducted by a blind man, on Monday, down the narrow, stone stairway that leads to the work-room in Mr. Carlisle's cellar. The blind guide cautioned the reporter against the sharp angle where the steps lead under the low stoop. In the cellar was almost total darkness. Brush-making was busily going on. A kerosene light was brought in for the benefit of the visitor. In a corner sat old Peter Spragg busily "drawing" bristles. This consists of putting a wire around the middle of a small bunch of bristles, and drawing them into one of the holes in what is to be the back of a brush. If the bunch selected is too large or too small the brush will be proportionally inferior but the practiced fingers, it is said never make a mistake. A dozen other blind men, who had returned from Superintendent Kellock's office with old Peter, sat near him. They had been talking about the receipt of their money. Here were William McLoughlin, a member of old 42 volunteer hose, who lost his sight by a premature blast eleven years ago, and now peddles brooms; President Carlisle and Joseph Oldring of 560 West Forty-ninth street, a member of the Executive Committee. Oldring peddles washing blue, meat, fish, mats and other articles, each in turn on successive days of the week.

All the blind men in the celler joined in a complaint against the Ninth avenue Institution for the Blind, as they did against the Fourteenth street Home for the Blind. The burden of their complaint is that these institutions, by their prominence and by the claims they put forward, are able to absorb the lion's share of the gifts that the charitable make for the aid of the blind, and that the large number of really destitute blind that are represented by their society is thus cut off from aid and sympathy.

A detailed account of the formation of the Adult Blind Aid Association was given to the visitor by the President, who for particular information constantly referred to its founder. Old Peter a few years ago became deaf as well as blind. The society was chartered on the 9th of May last, although it was founded in 1875. A meeting is held on the second Wednesday of every month. The dues are ten cents a month. In case of the sickness of any member he receives $3 a week. In case of death $40 is appropriated for the funeral. No one but a member and his guide is admitted to the meetings, except on special invitation.

When business is good the workmen in the cellar continue brushmaking during the evening. The only person who requires a light is Mr. Spragg's son, who sometimes comes down to bore the holes in the backs by means of a lathe. Peter Spragg was one of the first pupils in the Asylum for the Blind. He there learned to read raised letters. In his trunk is a book on astronomy which he used frequently to study at night alone in the dark, but the ends of his fingers have become so toughened by toil in late years that he reads with difficulty. Many of the graduates of the Asylum for the Blind he says, have been compelled to peddle.—*N. Y. Sun, Aug.* 1, 1877.

HEARING AND SPEECH RESTORED.

REMARKABLE HISTORY OF AN ATTEMPTED MURDER TOLD BY A NEGRO.

There is a negro at the work house serving out a sentence for disorderly conduct whose name is Patrick Lee. This is his second incarceration, and he has been known to the officers of the institution for four months. During all this time he has never spoken a word, and has been considered deaf and dumb. Friday night the guard locked him up as usual, and was about departing from the cell when he was suddenly addressed by Lee. Much astonished, Mr. Clark opened the door and demanded an explanation. Lee then told the following story:

My name is Paterick Lee. I was the property of Wm. Lee of Newnan, Ga., in slavery days. I am forty-seven years of age. I left my master in 1866 and went to Cohomo county, Miss., and worked on a farm with James Armis for half the crop, and stayed with him one season and made eight bales of cotton and forty barrels of corn. I went with my share of the crop to Helena, Ark., and sold it for $333 and four suits of clothing. After drawing my money there was a large crowd gathered around me. I was a stranger in the city, and had no particular place to go to, and left the crowd I was in as soon as possible, and was looking around town preparatory to returning home. I met with a negro and a white man, each of whom I thought I saw in the crowd above mentioned. They invited me home with them. They said they resided three miles from the city. They acted very gentlemanly toward me, and I kindly accepted their offer to stay over night with them. We started on our journey towards their home late in the evening. We had travelled about one mile from town when the negro asked me for a chew of tobacco. I was in the act of handing him a chew, when the white man struck me from behind, on the head with a piece of fence rail, and knocked me down. I raised myself on my knees, when the negro made a rush at me with his knife and cut my throat, and after robbing me of all my money and clothing, left me bleeding and helpless, weltering in my own gore all that night, with the thermometer at 10 degrees below zero. Next morning, nearly frozen to death, a member of the Sixteenth United States Infantry found me lying in the road. He turned me over with his foot, and finding that life was not yet extinct, he procured a wagon and brought me to headquarters, where my wounds were examined and cared for by the Post Surgeon. He gave me up and said there was no hope for me. I finally began to get a little better, and from that time forward I began improving in health, but lost my power of speech entirely. I went from Helena to Memphis, Tenn., and stayed in the hospital awhile. I left the hospital and then took to steam-boating. I will state here that I was also stabbed in the side by the negro and white man at the same time my throat was cut. I have followed the river ever since. I then left Vicksburgh and came to Louisville, and made my headquarters in Glover's alley, at the house of Harriet Day. Myself and Isaac Barber had a difficulty at Harriet's house. He had me arrested, and preferred the charge of assault and battery against me, and Judge Price sent me to the work-house on a $50 fine and $300 bond for good behavior for one year; but if I only had the power of speech at that time His Honor would not have sent me to the works. I had no alternative but to go. I could not use my tongue to defend myself. I am serving this sentence at the present time. I was arrested once previous to this for disorderly conduct and sent to the work for one year; and since I was incarcerated this last time my sense of hearing and power of speech have returned to me. Here lately I have been bathing my head in cold water at night on retiring to my cell, and I have constantly been using burnt alum and salts for my throat and other internal injuries I have received in various scrapes I have been in since I became deaf and dumb. When I found that I could hear and conversed with those around me I tried to break my cell door with joy. It has now been seven years since I spoke to man, woman or child.—*Louisville Courier Journal, August* 20*th.*,

THE CALIFORNIA "STREET PREACHER."

The camp-meeting people at Dempster Grove were highly edified with a sermon, at 2 P. M. last Sunday, delivered by Rev. William Taylor, the missionary popularly known as the California "Street Preacher." His sermon was based on the subject of the "Strait Gate," being well illustrated from natural scenes in this life. It was listened to with the most profound attention by the large audience. Mr. Taylor is a strong, athletic, well-built man, weighing about two hundred pounds, with prominent features, somewhat darkened by out-door exposure, his hair quite gray, and with his powerful delivery added to his native eloquence, is well calculated to make a deep impression in the minds of his hearers. He began his career of "street preacer" in california, some twenty or more years ago when the society there was rough, and he met at first with many discouragements and much opposition, but with a strong will and by determined perseverance, he maintained his out-door meetings for six or seven years with much success. He has been a missionary, besides, in Africa, India, Australia and other countries. This season he has devoted his time and talents, in the interests of different camp-meeting associations, having attended twenty-one since last spring, in various parts of the country.

Death of Mrs. Emma A. VanWormer.

We are requested by Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, a deaf-mute sister of the deceased, to publish the following obituary: Mrs. Emma A. VanWormer was born in 1845 and died of consumption at the house of her brother, Theodore F. Romeyn, in Albany, N. Y., June 14th, 1877. Her funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Randles, at 2 A. M., June 16th, in the First Reformed Church, at Glenvale, N. Y.

The remains were enclosed in a beautiful casket, on which were placed by the friends of the deceased, a cross and wreath of straw-colored flowers. On the silver-plate was inscribed "Emma A. VanWormer. In 1845—In 1877."

The remains were interred in the Glenvale Cemetry. She was an estimable lady, and her loss is deeply felt by a large circle of friends, a mother, two sisters and two brothers.

MARRIED:

DODGE—SPINK—At the residence of the bride's grand-parents in Rodman, Aug. 30, 1877, by Rev. G. B. Barres, Mr. C. P. Dodge, of Mexico, N. Y., and Miss Hattie B. Spink of Rodman, N. Y.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spring $7 00 Red 7 60 White	8 40
Meal, ₱ cwt, (retail)	1 20
Shorts, ₱ ton,	$16 00
Shippings, ₱ ton,	$18 00
Middlings, ₱ ton,	$24 00
Corn,	65
Oats,	30 @ 35

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

Butter,	15 @ 20
Loose Butter,	12 @ 18
Cheese,	10
Lard,	11
Eggs, ₱ dozen,	14
Beef, ₱ lb,	05 @ 12¼
Beef, ₱ cwt.,	$4 @ 6
Mutton, ₱ cwt.,	$6 @ 9
Pork, ₱ barrel, retail,	$15
Pork, ₱ cwt.,	$5 @ 6
Apples, (dried) ₱ lb.,	04
Ham, ₱ lb.,	11¼
Dressed Poultry, ₱ lb.,	8 @ 10
Potatoes, ₱ bush.	20@25
Beef Hides, ₱ lb	5 @ 6

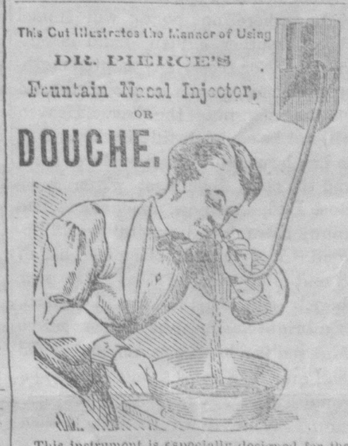


In the wonderful medicine to which the afflicted are above directed for relief, the discoverer believes he has combined *in harmony* more of Nature's sovereign curative properties, when God has instilled into the vegetable kingdom for healing the sick, than were ever before combined in one medicine. The evidence of this fact is found in the great variety of most obstinate diseases which it has been found to conquer. In the cure of **Bronchitis, Severe Coughs,** and the early stages of **Consumption,** it has astonished the medical faculty, and eminent physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it **Enriches** the system and **purifies the blood.** By its great and thorough blood-purifying properties, it cures all **Humors,** from the worst **Scrofula** to a common **Blotch, Pimple,** or **Eruption.** Mercurial disease, Mineral Poisons, and their effects, are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. **Erysipelas, Salt-rheum, Fever Sores, Scaly or Rough Skin,** in short, all the numerous diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver,** or "**Biliousness.**" In many cases of "**Liver Complaint**" only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AT $1 PER BOTTLE.

Prepared by **R. V. PIERCE, M. D.,** Sole Proprietor, at the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.



This Cut Illustrates the Manner of Using

DR. PIERCE'S

Fountain Nasal Injector,

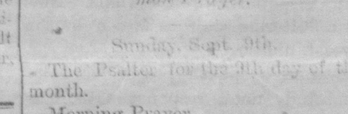
OR

DOUCHE.

This instrument is especially designed for the perfect application of

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

It is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried *high up* and *perfectly applied* to all parts of the affected nasal passages, and the chambers or cavities communicating therewith, to which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which the catarrhal discharge generally proceeds. The main difficulty in treating Catarrh heretofore has arisen largely from the impossibility of applying remedies to these cavities and chambers by any of the ordinary methods. This obstacle in the way of effecting cures is entirely overcome by the application of the Douche. It is so pleasant and so simple that a child can understand it. **Full and explicit directions** accompany each instrument. When used with this instrument, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures recent attacks of "**Cold in the Head**" in a few applications.



SYMPTOMS—Frequent headache, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, thick mucus, purulent, offensive, etc. In others, a dryness, dry, watery, weak, or inflamed eyes, stopping up, or obstruction, of nasal passages, tinging in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, indigestion, enlarged tonsils, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of these symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, when used with **Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche,** and accompanied with the constitutional treatment which is recommended in the pamphlet that wraps each bottle of the Remedy, is a perfect specific for this loathsome disease. It is mild and pleasant to use, containing no strong or caustic drugs or poisons. The Catarrh Remedy is sold at 50 cents, Douche at 60 cents, **by all Druggists.**

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Prop'r,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Sept. 9th.

The Psalter for the 9th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Joshua XXIII.
2d Lesson—Mark IV.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Joshua XXIV.
2d Lesson—1 Peter II.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Sunday, Sept. 16th.

The Psalter for the 16th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Judges IV.
2d Lesson—Mark XIII.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson— Judges X.
2d Lesson—1 Peter III.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children; and the wealth of the sinner is laid up for the just." The first part of this Scripture verse was printed on the backs of all policies in the Universal Life Insurance Company. And now policy-holders are waiting for the application of the last clause.

For The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

"Flower-Garden Home" was already commenced; the work was steadily progressing. The building committee, were men of strict integrity in financial circles. Notwithstanding Judge Shelby insisted that his name be left off the list, he was appointed chairman of the building committee. The Home was to be a structure of solid stone, square, so that, as necessity required additions could be made, by wings attached to the main edifice. It was situated in the centre of the lot, which gave it a commanding appearance. The lots, fortunately, were on an elevation, one mile out of the village, so the air was pure and the climate well adapted to the little ones, who might become inmates.

Little Rose Bud had no mother, on earth. She was rapidly passing away. Each day told the sad story that her fragile form was rapidly fading from earthly visions. She was by nature slight, sweet and fragile; a true type of the lilly of the valley. Her little hand, as you took it in yours, seemed almost to melt in your clasp. She had large, dark eyes, whose depths, with all your searching, you might fail to fathom. Her cheeks were flushed as if the crimson morn had just kissed them: her fair open brow might have defied an angel's scrutiny, her little foot-fall was as noiselessas a falling snow-flake, and her voice was as sweet and as low as the last note of the bird ere it folds its head under its wings for nightly slumber. Soon, precious treasure, thou wilt warble thy last earthly note, and thy emancipated spirit will enter that realm where no bonds will tramel thee. Another hidden hand is outstretched for thee. Thy sainted mother, even now, stands in glorified form on the margin of the river. Heaven will not be complete till she clasps thee to her heart and sings, "Here am I and the child thou hast given me." Rose Bud, even now, reaches out, she knows there is a beautiful world beyond. Her mother often told her of it, and often sung of that "rest over there." She longs to soar like a bird, or a bright angel. She asks her nurse if heaven is a long way off, and if she shall ever be a bright angel: and she would like to say her little prayers, "now I lay me down to sleep." She does say it. Hark! listen! what mean those irregular breathings? Ah! beautiful Rose bud is going to sleep; —to her long-sought rest. The prayer is but half finished, before the words are breathed out, "I pray the Lord my soul to take"—She is now there. Mother and child have met. The occupant of the little crib has gone. Glistening tear-drops fall on the empty crib, while a beautiful white casket tells the story, that the mortal must perish, while the immortal has gone to the author of its immortality, never more to see death. The burial services are conducted, by Rev. Mr. Jerome, in a simple manner, the inmates look attentively—and take heed to his sayings while he tells them of the world of the saved, the blest. They lay our Rose Bud away.

It is night. The pulse of the village lies still. The echo of hurrying feet has long since died away. The maiden dreams of her lover, the wife of her absent husband, the sick of health, the captive of freedom. Softly falls the moonlight on the quiet dwelling. Blessed night! wrap thy dark mantle round weary, earth pilgrims: over them all, "the eye that never slumbereth" keepeth its tireless vigils. Never a fluttering sigh escapes a human breast, unheard by that pitying ear. Never an unspoken prayer for help, that finds not a response in the bosom of Infinite Mercy. "The night was never so long but what the day dawned." So we rest in our nights of darkness, patiently waiting, till the Day-star shall shine amid the gloom. We find, as we plod on our life journey, more to cheer, to animate, than to depress; but how unmindful we are of the blessings a kind Providence showers on us continually. We take them as a matter of course, frequently forgetting the hand of the giver.

Charlie greatly enjoyed his visit to the mission Home with Miss Emma. He took all in at a glance. It was a good school for him, and called out, in his boy heart, tender emotions toward the feeble and helpless. Mrs. Shelby became so much interested in what she heard through her daughter and others of the Home that, she rang for John the Coachman, requiring him to have the family carriage ready at 3 o'clock, so that she might enjoy an hour with those at the Home although it would cost her a great effort, she could not forego the pleasure a visit would bring to her. She blessed the day, when the infant wail of her own dear Emma was heard in their dwelling. Unlike some mothers who talk and act as if their little ones were only a trouble. Mrs. Shelby was being rewarded for her days and nights of toil, care, and anxiety for her only daughter. Her's had been a work that had paid, a good investment, but Mrs. Shelby had often-times been called on to control her child. Emma knew full well that when mother spoke a ready observance was exacted. It is no part of love, to allow a child to disobey. The true element is lacking. The training process tells, when the son, the daughter, developes into manhood, womanhood. Those parents who rightly governed, controlled, are the parents who reap an harvest of kindness in their old age, when the frosts of many winters silver their hairs and brows. What we as parents "sow we generally reap." There comes in the law of compensation, and thus it is with events in our every day life. There are certain fixed laws that must be obeyed in order to insure final success, or defeat. Obey we enjoy, neglect we suffer.

Mrs. Shelby is carefully lifted into the carriage by the strong, willing hands of John. Even the dear, old, family horses seemed to know the occupants within, so they jog along at a careful pace till their ever-kind mistress is lifted out and helped into the Mission. Miss Emma, knowing of her mother's anticipated visit, had an arm chair so placed that she could rest. The little ones were brought into the room; one by one, they came, while Mrs. Shelby kissed them with all the fondness of her mother heart. Each little one laid in her lap a tiny flower, for they were taught to love and cultivate, flowers. How sublime! how touching! Holy childhood! let me sit at thy feet and learn of thee. Thou dost rebuke with thy simple faith, and earnest love. O earth! what dost thou give us in exchange for its love, rainbows that melt as we gaze, bubbles that burst as we grasp; dew-drops that exhale as our eyes, catch their sparkle. The warm heart chilled by selfishness fenced in by doubts and thrown back upon itself, eyes, lips and brow trained to tell no tale at the portals of what passes within the temple. Tears, locked in their fountain, save when our household gods are shivered, perfect opposites to trustful childhood. Mrs. Shelby requested the little boys and girls to stand still while she talked to them a few moments. Each child instantly obeyed, and she told them the oft-repeated story of Pharaoh's daughter, who took the little Moses and brought him up as her own son. Then she told them that here were a number of children who were adopted by the Home, and she fondly hoped they would grow up so that, when like Moses they grew up they might choose their portion among the people of the ever living God: at a given signal the children sang these words—

"Ring out sweet summer bells
God bless our home,"

and their little voices sounded as if they meant each word—no doubt they did. Trustful childhood; but where is our pet Lilla all this time? There she stands at grandma's side, quietly looking on. My angel mother re-echoing those sweet strains, in heavenly song, while that hidden hand tunes her golden harp as it sweetly plays among the glorified harpers. One family above—below one sympathetic heart through all heaven-born strains. The quiet doing, of those noble mothers, were rearing up a structure that would not pass away, but would go on till the angel reaper should shout, "Harvest Home." "Time shall be no more."

Each season, as it came and went, told plainly that Lilla was growing beautiful in mind and body, and that when Harvey should enjoy his Christmas holidays, he would be proud of the little family pet. We will not conjecture; time will tell, so we again rest till another week.

THE OSWEGO VETERANS.

THEY HOLD THEIR REUNION AND LISTEN TO SENATOR CONKLING.

OSWEGO, August 25.—The annual reunion of the Veteran's Association of Oswego County was held here today. Special trains brought large numbers of people to the city, which was gaily decorated. The feature of the day was a meeting which was addressed by Senator Conkling. Judge William F. Allen introduced Senator Conkling, who spoke of the public gratitude to the living and dead who saved the Union and of the contribution of this State and county to the cause. Should history ever record a failure, he said, in the purposes of the struggle for national integrity and equal rights, it would not date from the war, but from a time when the war was over. The blame could not be traced to the short coming of our armies. The nation's prayer should be that neither this generation nor any other may ever be brought to the bitter thought that the martyrs of the great struggle for the Union and a purified Constitution died in vain. He closed by urging his hearers not to neglect their political duties.

ONE WAY TO GET A WIFE.

Early last week a stranger, giving his name as Alexander T. Thomson, called at the residence of Rev. B. F. Barker in this village, and wished to engage him to marry two couples, who would come to his house on the following Saturday. He came at the appointed time, and stated that he wished to be married to a lady whom he had left at one of the hotels. He gave her name, stated that they both resided in Amboy, that the friends on both sides were willing, and that there was nothing clandestine in the matter. The other couple, he said, could not get ready, and so did not come. He intimated that they desired to have the ceremony performed in Hinckley's photograph gallery, and immediately after sitting for their pictures. He said their pictures were to be taken separately as well as both on one plate. For the double picture the lady was to stand and he to sit, and after the picture was taken, and before the plate was removed, he wished to stand up and have the ceremony, which he desired as short as possibe and answer the purpose, performed. He also wanted the certificate ready so that they might immediately drive home.

The proposed arrangements were regarded only as queer whims, like many other wedding arrangements. Accordingly, at 2 o'clock the parties met in Hinckley's rooms. The artist took the double picture, and told the minister to proceed. The positions of the parties were properly re-adjusted. After two or three sentences of the preliminary service had been said, the lady started away in affright, saying in an excited manner, "I don't mean that; I won't do that," and similar expressions. This strange maneuver was interpreted as perhaps an apprehension that too strong a vow was to be required—reference having been made to the teachings of the Bible as the rule of life. Being assured that nothing unreasonable was being required, she took her place again. The ceremony was resumed, when she again sprang away, exclaiming as before, and more emphatically. Right there the marrying was discontinued.

As far as we learn this seems to have been a carefully laid plot, on the part of Thompson, to entrap the young woman into marriage, he hoping to have the ceremony so closely follow the picture taking that the artless bride should suppose it a necessary part of the operation—that the clergyman was the artist's assistant. Briggs' business and that of a clergyman are too dissimilar, however, to work well together, and the plot failed.

The youug woman may be eighteen years old, and had every appearance of respectability, and we understand she is of a respectable family. She declared there had never been the least talk between her and Thomson, about marriage; that she had only consented, after repeated and urgent invitations, to ride to Camden with him, as a neighbor and get their pictures, he promising to pay for all. Exceedingly grieved and mortified, she found other conveyance home, leaving her would-be husband to go his own way alone. If there is any law covering such a case, Thomson should have the full benefit of it.—*Camden (N. Y.) Advance Aug.* 23, 1877.

HER HAIR.

[From the Danbury News.]

One of our Danbury clerks took tea at the house of his girl's parents Thursday. She had him come up as she was going to bake the biscuit herself. After a peculiarly pleasant interview she left him in the parlor while she prepared the table. He busied the time in alternate glimpses at her picture and passionate kisses of a lock of her hair. Then he was called to tea. It was a delightful season to him. She poured the tea and passed him the things, and it did seem as if he was chewing on rainbows with a thousand dollar set of teeth. He was lifting a piece of the second biscuit to his teeth when his attention became suddenly riveted to an unexpected auxiliary to it. It was a hair, a long golden hair. He shivered involuntarily. Then he realized that it must be her hair, and started it again to his mouth. Then the shiver came back, and the piece, with its golden pennon floating, paused midway. And he rememberd that it was hers, fresh from the dear head he hoped sometime to pillow on his bosom, and with a partly strangulating gasp he thrust the morsel into his shrinking mouth. The bread touched his tongue, and the golden thread came in contact with the roof of his mouth—he made one gigantic effort to remember it was from his darling's head, thoroughly and ignobly failed, and dashed headlong through the door into the back yard. Fortunately the back yard proved large enough for his purpose, but his action disgusted her, and when he recovered from the exertion, he found his hat on the ground where she had thrown it. He took both it and the hint, and departed.

EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Parents and friends of Deaf-mute children will be interested in the following extracts from an article in the Rome *Sentinel*: The State of New York has always had the wellfare of the deaf-mutes, within her borders, very much at heart; and has provided liberally for their care and education at her own expense.

The necessity of sending deaf-mute children to the extreme borders of the State to enable them to attend either of the three then established institutions for that purpose, was obvious last April by the establishment of an additional institution called the "Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes at Rome.

The system of instruction pursued in this institution, is the one known as the Combined Method, more properly call the *Improved Method*. It is the one that has been adopted by all the first-class institutions for deaf-mutes in the county. It consists in imparting instruction to the deaf-mutes by meens of the Sign Language and the Manual Alphabet, and in teaching them Articulation and Lip-reading; but especially to those who lost their hearing after having learned to speak, so that they will not lay aside and forget their vernacular speech, but, on the contrary, improve and perfect it so far as possible.

The Central Institution, although in active operation but a short time, (it was opened on the twenty-second of last March,) and having become known to no very great extent, has now ten pupils, and is now well under way. It is the determination of the Principal and Trustees, and all concerned in its management, to make this a first-class institution, which shall compare favorably with any other of its kind in the State or country.

Parents and friends may send their children hither, relying upon having them well cared for in all essential points. An inspection is invited, for which every facility will be afforded.

It is earnestly requested of all those who have deaf-mute children, resident in Northen and Central New York especially, and all others within a reasonable distance, avail themselves of the privileges offered, and make early application for admission; the earlier the better, as a previous knowledge of the number to be provided for will greatly facilitate operations, by furnishing a basis upon which to make provision for the ensuing term.

It is also important that the pupils arrive promptly at the beginning of the term, as it is of great advantage to them to be present when classification is performed.

It is hoped that those whom this article may reach, will use all means within their power to disseminate the information which it contains, and thus help the deaf-mutes to become useful citizens of society, instead of the partial or total burden on the commonwealth which a lack of education is calculated to cause them to be.

☞ A high-collared, eye-glassed, mutton-chop-whiskered, snobbish-looking Englishman up at the Glen House the other day, was gazing at the big patch of snow on Mt. Jefferson with an immense amount of wonder. Finally, he turned to a native and inquired: "I say, mistaw, can—ah—you tell me if that is snow I see up yondaw?" "No, sir, it is not," was the reply. "But, sir," exclaimed the Englishman, "I am told it—ah—is a snow bank, and you know—" "I know," said the American, they say it is snow, but" —he added confidentially—"I don't mind telling you how it is. You see a few of us went over there to-day and we found it nothing but a ledge which our friend Milliken here has had whitewashed so at to make his guests think they are looking at a snow bank. I tell you, my friend, there is nothing these Yankee hotel men won't do to get custom."

PICNIC AND QUARTERLY MEETING.

PICNIC AND QUARTERLY MEETING, OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE N. E. INDUSTRIAL HOME FOR DEAF-MUTES, AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS., FRIDAY, AUG. 24, 1877.

Some of the persons, who had the above interesting occasion in view, arrived in Marblehead, on Thursday, the 23d inst., the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Swett, and Mr. and Mrs. Bowden. There were Mr. Thomas Brown of N. H., and his son, Professor in the Michigan Institution for Deaf-mutes; Miss Hathaway, of Petersboro, N. H., Mrs. William Acheson, of Randolph, Mass., and Dr. Gallaudet and wife of New York. The latter had just come from a visit to friends in Nantucket, where on Sunday, the 19th inst., Dr. G. had appointed to speak of Church work among deaf-mutes, in St. Paul's Church, at 10:30 A. M., and in the parlor of the Atlantic House, Siasconset, at 8 P.M.—At a special service in St. Paul's Church, the Rev. Mr. Boyer, Rector, on Wednesday evening, the 22d inst., Dr. G. made an extended address in relation to the education of deaf-mutes, the use of the sign language, and the "Church Mission to Deaf-mutes." In the midst of his recreation Dr. G. seems always mindful of his special work.

Friday morning, the 24th inst., deaf-mutes began to arrive from various quarters in the quaint old town of Marblehead. They were landed from the train right in the midst of the burnt district, the Rail Road Station having been destroyed. It was a sad sight, but it is thought that it will soon be restored to its former appearance. The visitors, under the guidance of Mr. W. B. Swett, were conveyed in boats across the harbor to Marblehead Neck where, on the rocks with the Atlantic Ocean in view, they enjoyed their picnic. It was a hot day, but the heat was graciously tempered by fresh breezes from the rising tide. About sixty deaf-mutes were present. In addition to those noticed above there were Mr. and Mrs. Homer, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Southwick, of Salem; Prof. Weeks, of Hartford; and Mr. Atwood of Newburyport; Mr. Samuel Hamilton, of Marblehead; Mr. and Mrs. Adam Acheson, of Roslindale; Mr. Bowers, and his three sons; Mr. Marsh, and Mr. Lindes, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Small, of Hartford; Mr. and Mrs. Baily, of Beverly; Mr. and Mrs. Welch, of Beverly; Mr. and Mrs. Poland, and Miss Whippier, of Marblehead, and C. White. Waiting for the fish-chowder to be prepared, most of the company visited the famous "Churn," where the foaming water is dashed up on to the rocks from a well-worn chasm. Mr. Job Turner and Mr. John Taylor, of Lawrence, unexpectedly enjoyed a free bath. Their clothing soon dried in the rays of the sun. Sharp appetites made the picnic feast very acceptable. It proved to be a delightful social re union, without anything to mar its harmony.

Between 2 and 3 P. M., the whole party moved to the building which has recently been erected by the summer residents of the Neck, for social and religious purposes. Mr. Swett had previously obtained, from the Trustees, the free use of it for the occasion. On the platform were seated nine of the ten Trustees of the Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, viz., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Chairman; Mr. Wormstead, Secretary and Treasurer; Messers. Ward, Sanborn, Brown, Southwick, Weeks, Atwood and Bowler, (Mr. Langer being the only one absent). The visitors were accommodated with the use of the chairs in the Hall. All having risen, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Bowler, of Maine, the Chairman giving the interpretation by signs. The Trustees then attended to their routine of business, the vocal and silent languages being used simultaneously. The Treasurer reported the amount on hand as about $1,150. A letter from Mr. J. T. Tillinghast, President of the N. E. Gallaudet Deaf-mute Association was read, in which he referred to Miss Morrison's legacy of $500 as still in his hands, and stated that he hoped the differences of opinion between the Association, with which he was connected, and the Trustees might be satisfactorily explained, and the whole matter amicably settled. There was a general response, on the part of all present, to Mr. Tillinghast's kind expressions. With the $500, added to the 1,150, there would be $1,650. The report of the General Agent, Mr. Wm. B. Swett, was encouraging. He stated that, in addition to Mr. Samuel Hamilton, he had appointed Mr. Adam Acheson as a collector, and that, considering the hard times, both were doing well. A resolution was adopted that, the traveling expenses of trustees should be paid only at the annual meeting in August, and at such other meetings as the Chairman might designate as important. Encouraging remarks were made by Rev. Mr. Bowler, the Rev. Mr. Hard, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Marblehead; Prof. Weeks, Mr. Atwood, Mr. Brown and the Chairman. Mr. Bowler showed his interest practically, by putting $5 in the hands of the Treasurer. This act elicited hearty applause. It was agreed that no purchase of property should be made till there was more money in the Treasury. Votes of thanks were passed to the Trustees of the Hall, to Miss Bowden and the ladies who managed the Fair, to the projectors of the Re-union. The Trustees having adjourned their meeting, short addresses were made by Prof. Brown, Mr. Welch and others. Prof. Brown presented kind messages from Rev. W. W. Turner, Ex-Principal of the Asylum at Hartford. As the visitors returned to their homes, they all had reason to feel thankful for a day of unalloyed pleasure.

CONTRIBUTOR.

A KINDNESS NOT APPRECIATED.

"Please pull the bell, mister," asked an innocent-looking boy, who was standing on the steps of a house on Franklin street, above Girard avenue, yesterday morning, of a dandy chap who was passing by. Thinking that the boy resided in the house and desired to gain admittance, the dandy replied "Certainly, sonny." This little act of kindness, thought the dandy, certainly ought to accord him a smile or a "thank you" from the sister, whom he had no doubt would answer the bell. He lingered for a moment. The door was opened by a robust daughter of the Emerald Isle, who carried a broom in her hand. "Phat did yez ring that bell for?" she inquired of the small boy, who had taken a position on the curbstone. "I did'nt ring it; it was that 'ere man," responded the mischevious little rascal, pointing to the retreating dandy. Bridget started after the latter, and catching up to him gave him a whacking blow on the head with the broom, at the same time yelling at the top of her voice, "Annoy dacent people; will yez [another crack], oh! ye spalpeen, ye?"

He tried to explain, but it was no use, and finding matters were likely to terminate with serious injury to himself he took to his heels. Bridget followed close behind, bringing her broom down upon his already demolished hat whenever an opportunity showed itself. It was a lively chase; coal heavers dropped their baskets, hucksters ceased calling out their goods, merchants and people flocked to their doors and became interested in the race. Only by jumping on a car was the dandy safe from the enraged woman. As he sank down in a seat, wiped the perspiration from his face and tried to straighten out his hat, he was heard to mumble between his clenched teeth. "I will give $5 if some one will show me that boy."

WAITING FOR THE BANK TO OPEN.

About 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon a man walked up and down Griswold street for a few minutes, carefully scrutinizing the exterior of the several banks, and finally entered one of them and deposited $13. It was his very first dealings with a bank, and his hat slanted over a trifled more than usual when he came out. About 12.15, finding that he could deposit two or three dollars more and still make his purchases, the man came down town again. The bank was closed, according to custom, and the usual sign of "Bank Shut" hung against the glass. As the farmer pushed on the door he saw the sign, and he was only about ten seconds growing as pale as death. As he made another attempt to open the door a boy came along and called out: "You can't get in there—she's shut up!" "Took my $13 in and then busted!" grasped the depositor as he backed off and looked at the sign. "She'll open again at two o'clock," said the boy as he passed along. "I doubt it—I doubt it!" muttered the man as he wiped off the perspiration, "but I'll wait and see." He sat down on the steps, knees weak and chin trembling, and he didn't move an inch till 2 o'clock. When the bank opened he walked in, presented his certificate of deposit and said: "I'll be a thousand times obleeged if you'll let me draw out my $13." It was handed out, and the man braced up instantaneously. Counting the money over twice he put the bills in his wallet walked out, and as he reached the walk he said: "That's the closest escape ever had in my life, and I wont make a fool of myself again!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Your Business

AND LET IT BE KNOWN TO THE

WORLD

—by patronizing the—

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The JOURNAL has the widest circulation of any paper of its kind.

—o—

We are now prepared to insert local and other advertisements in the columns of our paper, and have accordingly fixed our prices to suit the times, which we are bound to make

SATISFACTORY

to all who patronize us.

—‡—

THE BEST PLACE IN TOWN TO

—GET YOUR—

JOB WORK DONE.

We hold ourselves in readiness to do all kinds of job work, with neatness and dispatch. We have on hand a fine assortment of printer's stationery, which enables our patrons to suit themselves.

—o—

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